

Birmingham in Danger!

OF WHICH

JOB NOTT

GIVES

Fair Warning.

Birmingham: Printed and Sold by E. PIERCY,
No. 96, in Bull-Street, near the Welch Cross.

Of whom may be had—The Life and Adventures
of JOB NOTT, Price 3d. also a Front and Back
Front View of Monster Five Head, England
in Danger, and French Perfidy, by Job Nott,
Price 1d. each---Jacobinism Displayed, Price 3d.
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BROTHER ARTIFICERS,

YOU remember my last Letter to Cousin John, about
George Similor, and Solomon Set-him-on, and some
other Culprits; and you see with long faces (for you
feel it in your empty pockets) that the reward of iniquity is still
diligently sought after,---Worse and worse comes to light every
week,---I'll tell you what in one word---If these scandalous
swindling practices, are not done over root and branch, there'll
be an end to the prosperity of Birmingham. We all know what
a multitude of honest industrious men for years and years got
their bread in the Gilt Button line, a branch of your trade al-
most cut up,---What's the reason? Why Rogues and Fools tempt
needy men to break the Laws of their Country, that they
themselves may dash about in grandeur. But remember Esau --
Remember Esau, I say---Peas Porridge to day and none to-mor-

row

row is making but a poor business of it---I say every mother's son of you that's up to any of these Roguish tricks---

INFORM.

The man who lodges an information for the good of his Country, is a worthy member of Society. Men, it is true, who want to live by nicking and tricking, by law breaking and King cheating, take care to cry down the name of an informer as an infamous character---No such thing,---Laws are made to be kept for the good of all; and he who does his best to promote the keeping, is, I say again, the best friend to his Country. The informer who ought to be despised is the idle vagabond, who goes about the Country laying traps, and getting a dirty livelihood by informing against people who he may find a little off their guard,---but bad as such are they are of service in the State, for there are plenty and too many in this Town who, if it was not for such, would never put a shilling into the National Club Box to pay the National expences. No :---soldiers and sailors might go bare-foot for them---all their care is to shove all the weight on the shoulders of their more honest neighbours---or in other words to pick their pockets. I do therefore insist that it is a virtue to inform against Law-breakers, and King Cheaters, with the good intent to benefit Society, for the Idea of paying to *the King* is all a bag of Moonsshine. The King has no more profit out of it than the Steward of our Club Box has out of the Money put in it. He is only the Steward of the National Club Box, and we all know if a Club-man shirks the Box he injures every other man in the Club, and just so of the National Club Box, the Treasury or the Exchequer Coffer as its call'd,---But again to my point--- I say if honest men do not go on to stop their infamous doings in the Button trade,---If foreigners are to be Humbug'd with *guilt* and *no guilt*---I say the owners of Birmingham Houses may go a whistling for Tenants--The Landlords Mash-tubs will get mouldy---The Bakers may blow their fingers---The Butchers may pare their Nails---The Landholders for thirty miles round, will let their Land for half price; and neither Roast Beef nor Plumb Pudding will be found in the Workhouse on the Fair-day.

And you, whose business it is, to examine the work of others, be faithful to the Interest of him who pays you your wages : Act as men of Conscience without favour, affection, or malice : Don't let your Eyes be blinded with Goose-oil and Duck-sauce ;
which

which though easily swallowed, will lie hard upon the Stomach when you come to kick the Bucket.

UP ALL HANDS THEN

FOR

The Interest of old Birmingham,

And may she never lap up an Article that she'd be ashamed to see unlap'd in another Country.

Set about the work immediately, and purge these workers of iniquity; and then they must sing small and hang down their heads.---To be sure we've seen a little kicking and wall chalking, and a little advertising, about Evidences --But don't you see that its all my Eye---Ar'nt

The Buttons the Evidences?

They are; and whats more, they are Evidences *that cannot lie.*

But if the Culprits don't like the Judgment of our worthy Magistrates (Gentlemen who do honour to their situation, and are entitled to the respect and gratitude of the Town for their Labours)---I say if they don't like their decision, why don't they appeal to our Quarter Sessions? But, no: I fancy they're rather shy of Warwick.---Its a serious business to go a *kicking* there.---The NEW DROP, and the Bridewell, have rather a disagreeable smell to unprincipled Noses, and put folks in mind of *comical things*. And egad I'd have these Gentlemen to know, that though their situation in life may prevent them from crimes of another sort, the very same principles brings the poor man to the Gallows.

And, O, ye men in higher situations; ye men of *treble guilt*, who disgrace the old English name of *Merchant*, remember that if there was no Receivers there'd be no thieves; and a rich man who tempts a poor man to do wrong, deserves a treble punishment. Let me seriously and earnestly entreat you as lovers of the British Constitution, to do the thing that is lawful and right.---Let every one do his part to check the progress of vice and wickedness, in every possible way; and don't doubt but e'er long, trade will revive and all will be well again.

The

The world will not long be torn by

FRENCH PRINCIPLES,---

MONSTER FIVE HEAD, is rather sick at this present writing ---The deep well is sinking in the Square at Paris, where his Monster-ship must be tumbled in sooner or later. Now they tell me that over this deep well is to be built a Parish Necessary-house, that so all people, of all nations and languages, for ages to come may have an opportunity of paying their warm respects to the Nasty Monster---and that so Jacobin principles may stink from generation to generation.

BROTHER ARTIFICERS,

Remember I'm always in a state of requisition in your service,--and I hope my clever friend BRUSH will tip your Enemies another Dusting,--and when I desert your Interests, or in any respect become *eludible*, may I be *eliminated* as our learned Dentilt says.

I am, as heretofore,

Your Friend,

Job Nott.

Birmingham, September 30, 1799.

P. S. Keep up your Spirits my Hearts of Oak---Twelve Sail of the Line this Month no bad thing; and though many brave Men must fall, I think the Duke will find a nearer Road for our Buckles and Buttons into Germany. Don't let us be Chop-fallen because we can't always win, there'd be no honour in beating an Enemy who could never give us a twist---it would be like the Vulture preying upon a dead Carcase.---So I conclude by drinking Success to the Duke of York and---GOD SAVE THE KING.



